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T H E

Triumph of Affectation.

THE TRIUMPH OF AFFECTION.



THE
TRIUMPH
OF
AFFECTATION.

A
POEM.

SPECIOSA MIRACULA PROMAT.
HOR.

L O N D O N :
Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noster-Row.
MDCCLXXX.

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SPECIOSA MIRACULA PROMAT

LONDON

Printed for J. B. W. in Fane-Street, London

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THE
TRIUMPH of AFFECTATION.

WHERE is the truth by manly freedom taught ;
The gen'rous warmth and energy of thought ;
The rough demeanor, open, and sincere ;
The heart unconscious of deceit or fear ;
Which once our fathers practic'd and admir'd,
When Britain triumph'd, and when Gaul retir'd ?

B

Fashion

Fashion and Taste their softer sons allure,
 And sterling merit tinsel forms obscure :
 Virtue is fled, but Hypocrites abound ;
 Sense is extinct, but flowing periods sound. 10
 Smiles without meaning, vows without desire ;
 Warriors that salts and asses-milk require ;
 Th' amphibious monsters that infest the earth
 To fertile Affectation owe their birth.

Sweet was the song, impassion'd were the lays, 15
 When love assum'd, and Delia twin'd the bays ;
 The gentle Zephyrs ever-murm'ring sigh'd ;
 The gentle Zephyrs were by love supply'd ;
 Hush'd to a breeze, the tempest ceas'd to roar ;
 The surges voice was mellow'd on the shore : 20
 'Twas love to harmony that tun'd the heart,
 Unstain'd by av'rice, undisguis'd by art ;

Suffus'd

Suffus'd by love, the blush of nature glow'd ;
 To virtue tribute was by love allow'd,
 The thrill of vivid hope, allay'd with fear, 25
 That fann'd the rising flame, and kept it clear.
 But, ah ! no more that flame sincere is sung,
 By virtue chasten'd, and from virtue sprung ;
 Two fiends their influence malignant show'r,
 Th' effects are varied, equal is their pow'r : 30
 Now *Avarice* each livelier feeling chills,
 With gawdy toys the wayward fancy fills,
 Arrests the sprightly thoughts that gayly rove,
 And nips the op'ning bloom of infant love :
 A *fouler passion* now its rage exerts, 35
 Reason it blots, and sentiment subverts,
 Fickle it owns no bliss, and free no sway
 Beyond the joys and fav'rite of the day.

An airy semblance of that purer fire,
 Unting'd by sordid hopes and gross desire, 40
 Melts from his lips, who views the virgin prize
 With frigid heart, but with licentious eyes ;—
 The soft confusion, and the timid smile,
 Retort imposture, and deceit beguile ;
 He for a week's possession chafely pleads ; 45
 She seeks a title, jointure, and her weeds ;
 But still they paint the joys the constant prove,
 And Affectation holds the place of Love.

Inspir'd by *thee*, in Fashion's sister-train,
 The pomp of dress her votaries maintain. 50
 From sacred concerts, and sequester'd bowers,
 Where gentle Isis laves th' Oxonian tow'rs ;
 From that fam'd hall (the name I have forgot)
 Where Dullness meets her son in K———,

What

What crouds advance ! The solemn, and the gay, 55
 In groups fantastic join the bright array ;
 And, lo ! the perfum'd sage unites at length
 The Attic polish with the Roman strength.

But, oh ! what glitt'ring forms of heroes bold
 The plains of Essex and of Kent unfold ! 60
 With air terrific, but in vestments fine,
 Like blazing stars they threaten and they shine ;
 The smart cockade, the hat *en militaire*,
 The epaulet and gorget's fiercer glare,
 The martial queue that's negligently ty'd, 65
 The sword that carelessly adorns the side,
 In strong-mark'd characters at once express
 A thirst of glory, and a taste for dress.

Next comes a train so stiff, so prim, so neat,
 From Gog and Magog's venerable feat ; 70

Where gluttony, oppress'd with turtle, snores,
 And Jewish art the *Wheel of Fate* explores ;
 Where her rude sons to Faction's shrine resort,
 And foaming Patriots rouse the nodding Court :—
 No more Augusta's honours are express'd 75
 By tints of Tyrian hue and ample chest ;
 A gout polite the Deputy evinces,
 The Alderman a Petit-Maitre minces,
 Nor from the toilet can the gown deter—
 The feather'd top surmounts the magisterial fur. 80

The knocker thunders, and the flambeaux blaze,
 The Prince of Coxcombs *Apoxem* displays :
 Pert, powder'd, dapper, in an happy hour
 He left plain drugget for polite tambour ;
 Plain bob, plain cambrick, and plain trotting nag, 85
 For chariot, Bruffels, and a charming bag ;

Fragrant

Fragrant he comes, all chatter and grimace,
 From sounding mortars in St. James's Place ;
 With burgamot he strives the scent to kill,
 But myrrh and mastic are more potent still. 90

Kindly to aid th' anticipating heir
 'To make peace-off'rings to th' indignant fair,
 In all the elegance of taste array'd,
 (Th' effulgent gem upon his finger play'd,)
 A crafty, cringing son of Israel stands, 95
 Bond, judgment, and assignment in his hands ;
 Resistless spells ! whose latent pow'rs unfold
 The miser's stores, and part him from his gold ;
 The tools alike of folly and deceit,
 Of those who're cheated, and of those who cheat. 100

'Tis Affectation that pollutes the page
 Of those who toil to *prop the sinking stage* ;

By

By Jephson's side fee wit and fustian stand,
 And pomp and poverty with Cumberland ;
 A verbal mist, unting'd with ease and grace, 105
 Now veils the sense, and now assumes its place ;
 As ev'ning clouds obscure the parting ray,
 Or feebly shed sophisticated day ;
 Now grov'ling thoughts with lofty sounds contend,
 Whilst *those* refuse to rise, and *these* to bend ; 110
 Now form a junction against Heav'n's decree,
 Like S—— when ally'd with Bloomsbury :
 So shines, when Addington prescribes for B---,
 St. George's star upon the Bath furtout.

Ev'n he, whose genius happily combines 115
 The wit of Swift with Pope's harmonious lines ;
 Whose taste selects, from judgment's polish'd vase,
 Censure that's just, and merited applause ;

Whose

Whose satire fixes, as it darts around,
 A gentle sting, and not a mortal wound ; 120
 Ev'n he, his ardour mingled with disdain,
 Suspends the wreath in Affectation's fane.

For Shenstone, Tickell tun'd the Doric reed,
 And rustic notes spontaneously succeed ;
 The kindred lays a requiem bestow'd 125
 On him whose verse with lab'ring glibness flow'd,
 On him whose thoughts, though simple, were constrain'd,
 Who still *affected* what he ne'er attain'd,
 The melting strains that love and grief impart,
 That wake the tear, and subjugate the heart. 130
 Where shall we find the gem that still we prize,
 Though long, too long, secluded from our eyes ;
 Sincerity ! kind Nature's fav'rite child,
 Of firm deportment, but of aspect mild ?

D

Say,

Say, does it call the fair profession forth, 135
 Or deck the Smile that gilds the brow of N--th?
 Points it with F-x the keen, sarcastic sneer,
 The praise insidious, and the taunt severe?
 Dwells it with piety in G-----n's breast,
 When fir'd with fervid zeal he stands confes'd 140
 In sable garments, and with uncurl'd locks,
 The foe of Papists, and the type of Knox? *
 Ah, no! Though taste inspires, and fancy warms,
 'Tis Affectation moulds the shad'wy forms;
 So cant th' *associate saints*, or soon will cant, 145
 When pleasure woos their *Chief*, and syren airs enchant;
 So laugh the clubs when Townshend joins with Hare
 Their friend at once to analyse---and spare;
 So groans the wretch whom dazzling hope beguiles,
 Who pines on promises, and starves on smiles. 150

* The celebrated *Scotch Reformer*.



